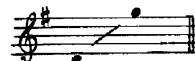



N.1 in A<sup>flat</sup>  
  
48323

N.2 in G  
  
48324

N.3 in F  
  
48325

N.4 in E<sup>flat</sup>  
  
48326

# THE LAST DREAM

## SONG

Words by

F. E. WEATHERLY

The music composed expressly for and sung by

MISS GRACE DAMIAN

BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN

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(Printed in Italy)

# THE LAST DREAM

---

His old white head is bending low  
 Across his violin,  
 And to and fro the moving bow  
 Speaks to the heart within.  
 And the room is a blaze of light,  
 And the eyes of the crowd are bright,  
 But the old man's heart is far away  
 In another world tonight.

He sees the merry days gone by,  
 When he was young and poor,  
 He sees a sweet face happily  
 Watch from the open door.  
 He sees two arms out-thrown,  
 He knows they are his alone;  
 But the tears roll down the old man's cheek,  
 For the dream, the dream is flown.

The stage is dark, the play is done,  
 The people gone away:  
 But the old man silently sits on,  
 He never again will play.  
 But the tears of life are o'er,  
 He has found his love of yore,  
 And what was only a dream tonight  
 Is life in the evermore!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

# THE LAST DREAM

## SONG

N:3

Words by  
F.E. WEATHERLY

Music by  
F.H. COWEN

*MODERATO*

VOICE

*MODERATO* *p*

His old white head is

bend - ing low, A - cross his vi - o - lin, And to and fro the

mov - ing bow Speaks to the heart with - in. And the room is a blaze of

*cres.*

*cres.*

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a 48325

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light, And the eyes of the crowd are bright,..... But the

*dim.* *tranquillo* *p*

*dim.* *p*

old man's heart is far a - way In an - o - ther world to - night.....

*rit.*

*col canto* *p*

He sees the mer - ry days gone by, When

*p*

*p*

he was young and poor, He sees a sweet face hap - pi - ly

*cres.*

Watch from the o - pen door. He sees..... two arms out -

*cres.*

*dim.* *tranquillo* *p*

- thrown, He knows they are his a - lone,..... But the

*dim.* *p*

*rit.* *p*

tears roll down the old man's cheek, For the dream, the dream is flown. The

*col canto*

*quasi Recit.*

stage is dark, the play is done, The peo - ple gone a - way, But the

*p*

*dim.* *pp*

old man si-lent-ly sits on, He ne-ver a-gain will play..... The

*#dim.*

*rit.*

old man sits on, he ne-ver a-gain will play,

*pp* *rit.* *f*

*f* *a tempo*

But the tears, the tears of life are, o'er He has

*rit.* *a tempo* *f*

*sempre cres.*

found his love of yore, And what was on-ly a

*sempre cres.*

dream to-night, and what was on - ly a dream to-night Is

life in the e - ver - more, is life in the e - ver -

- more, is life..... is

*ff* *molto rall.* *ff sempre*

life in the e - ver - more.

*ff* *ad.* *all.*

a 48325 a

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# RICORDI'S NEWEST SONGS.

## " YESTERDAY " COMPOSED BY F. P. TOSTI.

THE flowers you gave me are dead, long dead,  
There is dust on the pages we loved to read,  
The leaves have fallen, the swallows fled,  
The garden is tangled with thorn and weed.  
Others are singing the songs you sang,  
Others are walking our old sweet way;  
And alas! I know it is years ago,  
But it seems, it seems like yesterday.

Love it was long ago; Love it was far away;  
And we stand apart, O faithful heart,  
But we love, we love like yesterday.

What does it matter, O heart, my heart?  
Withered and dead the flowers mar-  
And the book be closed, and laid ap-  
But the words within it will never  
O love, I look through a mist of tears,  
I see you coming again to me,  
With all the love of our golden years,  
Mine for ever through days to be.

Love it was long ago; Love it was far away;  
And the days grow late, but I watch and wait  
For the love, the love of yesterday.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

In E flat, compass E to G; also published in D flat,  
in C and in B flat.

## " STORY-LAND " COMPOSED BY TITO MATTEI.

1.  
Do you remember the time gone by  
When we were children, you and I,  
When the day grew dark and the lights were lit  
And all together we loved to sit;  
When mother read to us soft and low  
Tales of the brave dais long ago,  
And we sat and listened and held her hand  
As she led us away to story-land?

2.  
Do you remember the words she said  
Every night as we crept to bed?  
All that she taught us to try and do,  
To be good and gentle, pure and true?  
Do you remember her soft "good night,"  
she kissed our eyes in the shaded light,  
The last sweet touch of her tender hand,  
As she drifted away to slumber-land?

3.  
But all is altered; the years flow on,  
Little Mother is dead and gone.  
We wander about the old, old place,  
And long for a sight of her loving face.  
Mother, speak from the distant shore,  
Speak to thy children, speak once more,  
Call to us, comfort us, stretch thy hand,  
And fetch us home to the spirit-land!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

In A flat, compass E to G flat, also published in F.

## " HER FATHER'S HOME " COMPOSED BY C. PINSUTI.

1.

To a Church in a quiet square, tho' near to the City's whirl,  
There stray'd one summer's Sabbath night, a weary tatter'd girl;  
From a stifling alley came she, where evil things were rife,  
A storm-toss'd, wretched orphan cast upon the sea of life;  
Towards the porch, with falt'ring steps, she slowly made her way,  
And listen'd at the open door, and heard the preacher say,  
"O enter ye that are weary, your Father says not 'Nay'!" —  
"I have no Father," sobb'd the child, "and know not how to pray."

2.

But ev'ry Sabbath night the child again was standing there,  
And long'd to pass the portals thro', but stay'd outside from fear,  
Until one day a high-born child sprang from her mother's side, —  
"Come in," she said, "you look so sad, the door is open wide:"  
The wail's thin hand was drawn in hers, they pass'd the sacred door,  
Her eyes lit up with joy at last—then all her griefs were o'er:  
Hark! hark! Seraphic joyous strains peal thro' the azure dome,  
For safe within Her Father's Arms the child has found her home.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

In G, compass E flat to G, also published in F. and in D.

## " LOVE WILL LIVE " COMPOSED BY J. L. ROECKEL.

1.

When next we meet upon Life's busy strand  
When next we feel the clasp of parted hands,  
Our hearts may fail when face to face we see  
The truth of what is now but phantasy.  
Shall we be able to forget the past,  
The words we whispered when we parted last?  
Shall we be able, dear, without regret  
To meet as strangers who as lovers met?  
Our hearts must speak unless they break  
And love will live for the old time's sake.

2.

When next we meet, before the world's cold gaze  
Just as we met, dear, in the happier days,  
Perchance some word may fall from you or me.  
And life be all that once it used to be!  
Shall we be able to withstand love's might,  
And let the old dream vanish from our sight?  
Ah no, dear heart, its voice is all too sweet,  
And love will still be love, when next we meet!  
Our hearts must speak unless they break  
And love will live for the old time's sake!

MARY MARK-LEMON.

In F, compass F, to G, also in D and C.

## " FETTERED " COMPOSED BY MICHAEL WATSON.

1.

You ask me, can I be faithful?  
Because I am young and fair;  
Because I am only a child, sweetheart,  
Without a sorrow or care.

2.

Look in my eyes for your answer,  
Hear me murmur, soft and low;  
We will laugh through life together.  
Nor heed the years as they go.

In E flat, compass E to G, also published in C.

3.

You ask me, can I be faithful?  
Now the world is no longer fair;  
With you by my side to help me  
I am true till death, I swear!

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